SPRING TING
GAY SPIRIT VISIONS
"EMPOWERING THE ELDER WITHIN"
SATURDAY APRIL 6,1996
9:00AM @ THE FRIENDS MEETING HOUSE
HOWARD AVENUE IN DECATUR

OPENING LIBATION/MANDALA

WE GIVE THANKS TO THE CREATOR FOR THE WONDERFUL GIFT OF SEXUALITY (ASHE)
WE GIVE PRAISES TO THE ELDER WITHIN FOR THE FREEDOM TO EXPRESS IT (ASHE)
WE THANK WHATEVER GODESS' THERE MIGHT BE FOR THEIR CONSTANT PRESENCE IN OUR LIVES (ASHE)
IN ANY AND ALL THAT WE DO--- FROM BIRTH, THROUGH ORGASM, UNTIL DEATH,WE GIVE THE HIGHEST PRAISE,HALAEUJIAH!!!(ASHE)
FROM THE TOPS OF OUR HEADS TO THE SOULS OF OUR FEET, WE ACKNOWDLGE THAT WE ARE SPIRITUAL BEINGS, HOUSED IN A TEMPLE OF FLESH,
PERFECT IN OUR INCEPTION,WHOLE AND COMPLETE,LIVING EMBODIMENTS
OF THE CREATOR (ASHE)

WE SALUTE THE ANCESTORS AND THE WOMB THEY ARE ONE AND THE SAME (ASHE)
WE CALL YOU BY YOUR TRIBAL NAMES,HONORING ALL THAT YOU ARE;
WARRIORS
KINGS AND QUEENS
KEEPERS OF THE FLAME
TRIBAL AND CONNECTED TO THE LAND

WE SALUTE THE ZULU OF SOUTH AFRICA	WE SALUTE THE CHEROKEE
THE SAMOLI OF ETHIOPIA	THE CHEYENNE
THE MAASAI OF KENYA	THE CROW
THE BUSHMEN OF BOTSWANA	THE BLACK FOOT
THE YOURBA OF NIGERIA	THE APACHE
THE SAWAHILI OF TANZANIA	THE MOHAVE
THE NUBIANS OF EGYPT	THE CREEK
THE ASHANTI OF THE IVORY COAST	
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THE FULANI OF SENEGAL THE CHIPPEWA/LAKOTA

To the gifts from the ancestors and their importance in our lives

To the primal, rhythmic, vibration [redacted], that pass through our every being and fiber as our bodies move free, we salute the spirit of the dance

To the voice of the ancestors that come rushing forth, emanating through our mouths, to the spirit of the song

To possession and visitation of knowledge passed through generations of those who interpet that knowledge and use it to teach, preach and lecture

And to the spirit of our ancestors poets and griots

To the spirits of our ancestors poets, and griots

To the spirits of the great creative entities in the UNIVERSE

7/27/95

I Give Up
I Give IN
and I Give God the Glory
for all that I am, I
would be nothing without
the continued blessing of the
Creator. I shed tears for
all that has happened and
shaped me into what I
am. I acknowledge that
my Creator is not through
with me yet, I will be
Patient and steadfast
and know that all things
will be shown to me in time

The Ovambo of Namibia
The Basuta of Lesotho
The Malagasy of Madagascar
The Swazi of Swaziland
The Shona of Zimbabwe
The Baconga of Angola
The Banyarwanda of Rwanda
The Barundi of Burundi
The Ewe / FON / and Twi peoples of
TOGO and Benin
To the people of Chad, Gabon,
the Congo, Niger, Mali, Libya, Algeria,
Morroco, The Western SAHARA, Guinea
Bissau, ~~Mali~~, The Gambia, Zambia
and The Central African Republic

To the Spirit of Love and its existence
in the Universe

To the presence of Love and its mending
power

To the knowledge that God is Love
and Love is for everyone.

11/05/95

Libation Salute to Our Ancestors

Salute to The Tribes (THE FAMILY)

Ancestors from the Mother Land (Continent of Africa)

The Yoruba of Nigeria
The Zulu of South Africa
The Bisu of Uganda
The Maasai of Kenya
The Nubians of Egypt
The Bushmen of Botswana
The Sawahili of Tanzania
The Dinka of Sundan
The Ashanti of The Ivory Coast
The Fulani of Senegal
The Akan of Ghana
The Icona of Sierra Leone
The Kpelle of Liberia
The Yao of Morzambique
The Samoli of Ethiopia

Native American Ancestors
Cheyenne / Crow / Black Foot / Apache
Mohave / Creek / Comanche / Chippewa
and Lakota

To the Gods and Spirits that watch over and guide them.
To the Spirit of Nature that sustains them

In the spirit of knowledge and the acceptance of it in our lives

In the spirit of Revolution

In the presence of the living God and the existence in each one of us

12/25/95

Sunday DEC 3 1995

To the spirit of the Drum

Rhythm born from the marriage of the great spirit of the forest (the tree) and the heart of the land. Great primal sounds, bearing the messages from land to land; one people to another, generation after generation after generation - communicating, to us, possessing us, filling us with ancient knowledge

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3884624
509-5594

Sunday Dec 17

To the spirit of giving - help us to be open to the many blessings and gifts bestowed unto us - and we all say ASHE

To the spirit of sharing - help us to be unselfish in the gifts and blessing that we receive and share with our brothers and sisters our abundance and we all say ASHE

To the spirit of receiving - help us to look upon all things given unto us in the spirit in which they were given, with Love and appreciation - and we all say - ASHE

This little light
of mine

(1111) III

Sunday December 10, 1995

To the gifts from the ancestors
and their importance in our lives

To the primal, rhymytic, vibrations of
spiritual ~~vibrations~~ iminations that pass
through our every being and fiber, as our
bodies move free, we salute the spirit
of the dance.

To the voice of the ancestor that come rushing
forth, emanating through our mouths
~~speaking to us through the people~~, to the
spirit of the Song

To possession and visitation of knowledge
passed through generations of those who
interpit that knowledge and use it to Teach,
Preach and lecture ~~speaking~~

And To the spirits of our ancestor poets, and griots,

To the spirit of the great creative entities in
the Universe

WIND
RAIN Thunder
SNOW
HAIL

Sunday December 3rd 1995

Libation

We start this month by acknowledging the spirits of the forces of Nature, and their unique force in the universe and on our lives

May the breezes continually blow, filling our nostrils with the breath of life, To the spirit of The Wind we say ASHE

As the waters fall from the heaven renewing all life and starting new life, to the spirit of The Rain We Say ASHE

When the crackle of light that crosses skies is seared into our memories and our eyes, To the spirit of The Lightning we say ASHE

Speaking clearly to us all, the voice of the universe escapes the ears of no man, woman, or Child, we are humbled as she speaks To the spirit of The Thunder we say ASHE

To the spirit of all the forces of Nature, their place in the universe, and our acknowledgement of their power, We say ASHE

Libation

Sunday Nov. 26, 1995

To the indengenous people of the carribean

~~To~~ ~~the~~ our ancestors from

St. Thomas
St. Croix
St. Lucia
Negril
The Bahamas
Jamaica
Trinidad
Tabago
Haiti
The Dominican Republic
Martinique
Bermanda
Guam
The West Indies
[redacted] Bermuda

The Sermon

Rev. S.F. MATHEE

mouth of brother James
Relieved of Homosexuality
No Longer a problem
It is well with my soul

Delivery mechanism to get to → Deliverance

To the Spirit of Love and it's existance in the universe
To the Spirit of Love and it's amending power
To the knowdgle that God is Love and Love is for everyone.

Sunday Feb. 1915

[illegible]

Native American Ancestors

Cheyenne Crow / Cherokee / Blk Foot / Apache / Sauk
Mohawk Creek / Comanche / Chippewa and Lakota

Ancestors from the The Mother Land
(Continent of Africa) Tribes
(a family)

The Yoruba of Nigeria
The Zulu of South Africa
The Bisu of Uganda
The Nubians of Egypts
The Maasai of Kenya
The Sawahili of Tanzania
The Bushmen of Botswana
The Dinka of Sundan
The Ashanti of The Ivory Coast
The Fulani of The Senegal
The Akan of Ghana
The Kono of Sierra Leone
The Kpelle of Liberia
The Yao of Mozambique
The Amedi of Ethiopia

Our decendants from Puerto Rico
Central and South America and the Pacific Islands
The Carribean - The Bahamas / Jamaica ?
Idati

next Sunday

11/19/95

To the indegious people of Puerto Rico
Alaska
and the island of Hawaii

To the Gods and spirits that watch over and guide them

To the Spirit of Nature that sustains them

To the Spirit of knowledge and the acceptance of it in our lives

To the Spirit of Revolution

To the presence of the living God and its existence in each and every one of us.

Libation for November 19, 1995

Pastor's sermon Chapter 11:20
faith of a mustard seed

BY ROSE MARIE BERGER

The Growing Seed

This is what the kingdom of God is like. A man scatters seed upon the ground. Night and day, whether he sleeps or gets up, the seed sprouts and grows, though he does not know how. All by itself the soil produces corn—first the stalk, then the ear, then the full kernel in the ear. As soon as the grain is ripe, he puts the sickle to it, because the harvest has come. —Mark 4:26-29

I.

when god scooped water into a ball and scattered it to the four winds
to drip and pool and shiver itself
into shimmering mountain lakes
and wild courses
and oceans rooting the sky,
she left the land lying around in all the lonely places
dark and wanting
frightened of being stripped
exposed
having nightmares of the chaos.
but god let her lips skim the vulnerable surface of the soil
and whisper to it a secret name,
releasing tiny worlds.

II.

in their shadowed cellars farmers collect magic seeds
who have the dreams of god
still clinging in their coats.
magic seeds that,
when the horns of the moon
poke up into the soft underbelly of the night,
farmers fondle, in great scoops, between their fingers
and fling them
hither and yon
into every open mouth of soil
and even the hard teeth of rocks.

III.

scattering
scattering
scattering
then the farmers turn away.

they sleep they wake they joke they lie they eat they tease they die

while the soil and the seed kiss quietly under the dipper moon
and dream together of green
and the tiny way it looks against the spring earth.
the farmers are dreaming too
and in their dreaming wake to fresh fields,
knowing all along that the dreams of god were true.

A Faith to Move Mountains

SHAKING THE FOUNDATIONS OF POWER IN MEXICO.

Mev Puleo

BY JEFF SHRIVER

Winding our way up through the thick pine trees of the Chiapas highlands and past the military blockades, we arrive in the treasured colonial city of San Cristóbal de las Casas. The main square is awash in fresh blue and white paint, an attempt to hide the black rebel graffitti sprayed on public buildings only a month ago. Vegetarian restaurants, cappuccino bars, and quaint bookstores dot the city's cobblestone streets.

Chiapas feels more like an ideal spot for a honeymoon than the site of a guerrilla war. Indeed, it is both; San Cristóbal typifies the paradox of wealth and poverty that exist back-to-back in the rest of the state.

In early 1992, 400 Mayan Indians from the state of Chiapas marched from Palenque to Mexico City—a six-week, 625-mile walk—to petition against land evictions and local government corruption. Upon arriving on the outskirts of Mexico City, they were met with a military blockade to the city center; 100 people were arrested and several were beaten. The Indians turned back, once again frustrated and angry at a government that wouldn't listen.

Two years later their tactics changed. Tzeltal, Tojolabal, and Tzotzil Indian farmers with communities within or around the Lacandón Rain Forest organized with a handful of urban Mexican Latinos to establish a rebel army. The Zapatista National Liberation Army (EZLN) declared civil war the first day of January 1994 in the Chiapas highlands.

Initially, Mexican authorities attempted to crush the uprising and intimidate the population, reminiscent of Central America in the 1980s. About three hours east of San Cristóbal in the small indigenous village of Morelia, the people told us of beatings, torture, and disappearances on January 6.

"They [the army] put all of us in the basketball court for eight hours," a community leader explained. "They beat us with gun butts, they kicked us with military boots. They grabbed our heads by the hair and slammed our faces into the ground." Two hundred men and young boys in all were ordered to the basketball court. Six weeks later, community members found only the bones of their three disappeared laying in a nearby cornfield.

After clashes with the army forced the rebels out of the cities, a battle of the pen intensified. A flurry of rebel communiques and press releases issued from EZLN communities in the Lacandón jungle. Subcommander Marcos, the articulate and sarcastic rebel who has achieved a kind of cult following, responded to early government statements that identified the EZLN as a political force "in formation," irrelevant to the national agenda:

What does this mean? That the misery of indigenous people does not exist

Jeff Shriver was in Mexico from February 3-15, 1994, along with a group of human rights lawyers, church representatives, and journalists. The group's visit was coordinated by the Ecumenical Program in Central America and the Caribbean (EPICA) and included stays in San Cristóbal, Ocosingo, Altamirano, Las Margaritas, and their surrounding smaller villages.
—The Editors

Oct 4, 1995

There is Power in this Movement
There is Power in this Movemeent
There is Power in this Movement
My Brothers and Sisters have gathered together from all across the land to testify about the goodness, endless blessings, and abundance our Creator provides us with daily. My Black Gay, Lesbian and Transgender Sisters and Brothers have converged upon this city, and we are bathing in the glory of our Queer selves. Whole, complete, anointed and always Praising the Lord. The Love and warmth of this movement could melt and ivery the size of Alaska. And "we've Come this far by faith, leaning on the Lord, trusting in her holy word!" The reason being: We couldn't have gotten here without out her. The Question that this answers "Where would I be without the Lord?" "Where would I be without that Lord?" If it were not for Faith my conscious mind would have been lost in those time of trials, tribulations, challenges, reactions to things my body can't handle, growing growth, opportunities infections, attacks by people who claim to love, and the rhetorical ramblings of those who JUDGE out of fear. But I am not afraid of the Gospel of CHRIST, and the book of Matthew 28:3

Tells us that God said "Come unto me all that are burden with heavy laden and I will give thee rest."

Friday Night

Ancestoral Acknowledgements

Libation 8/25/95

KAHIL GIBRAN pg. 17-18

For The God of Patience

For The God of our own Understanding

For The God [redacted] who is All
Who [redacted] will never fail

[redacted]

For the spirits of those who've come before us and made Unity Fellowship movement a reality

For those brothers and sisters whose presence we are without but are waiting to be called forth so that they may worship with us

We claim and we name it in the name of Love and we all say
ASHE

Pastor's Sermon "Revolutions"
Tracey Chapman
The Price of being a revolutionary - what am I willing to do? 2.

ANCESTORAL Acknowledgement

Thursday Night Libation 8/24/95

For the God of our ancestors

For the same God that lead us out of bondage

For the spirit of those who've come before us and made Unity Fellowship movement a reality

For those brothers and sisters who've have worked hard and tirelessly to keep "Gods will" alive "Redefined Faith" this

For those brothers and sisters who's presence we are without, but are waiting to be called forth so that they may worship with us

We claim and we name it and so all say ASHÈ

Luke 15 cpt 11 v 1 - 24

Pastor Sermon "The Prodigal Son
You've come Home and
Returned to Love